

RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL

MARVEL #18

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

DAREDEVIL



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

ONCE, THE WORLD KNEW THAT MATT MURDOCK WAS THE ALTER EGO OF DAREDEVIL. SOMEHOW, MATT FOUND A WAY TO GET HIS SECRET IDENTITY BACK UNDER WRAPS. HE HAS NEVER TOLD ANYONE HOW HE MANAGED THIS FEAT, BUT MATT HAS NOW DECIDED TO RELAY HIS STORY TO FATHER JORDAN...A STORY THAT BEGINS WITH THE PURPLE CHILDREN SHOWING UP ON HIS DOORSTEP IN SAN FRANCISCO...

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NOW.

I WAS
LOST.

I THINK
THAT'S HOW
EVERYTHING
HAPPENED.

MY
COMPASS WAS
OFF. I COULDN'T
SEE MYSELF, AND
IT MADE ME
WEAK.

MATT, I'M
SYMPATHETIC--BUT
I DON'T THINK YOU'RE
BEING FAIR TO
YOURSELF.

UNCERTAINTY
DOESN'T MAKE YOU
WEAK. IT MAKES YOU
HUMAN.

UH-HUH, I'M
DAREDEVIL, FATHER
JORDAN. I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE SUPERHUMAN,
REMEMBER? ALL DAY,
EVERY DAY, EIGHT
DAYS A WEEK.

MM.
PERHAPS...LET'S
JUST KEEP
TALKING.

YOU
SAID...PURPLE
CHILDREN CAME
TO SEE
YOU?

NOT
PURPLE
CHILDREN. THE
PURPLE CHILDREN.
TWO OF THEM.
TWO OUT OF
FIVE.

BUT
YOU CAN'T
TALK ABOUT
THE PURPLE
CHILDREN...

THEN.

...until you
talk about the
Purple Man.

Zebediah
Killgrave.

He has a *power*--he can make
people do what he wants.
Anything at all, just with the
sound of his voice.

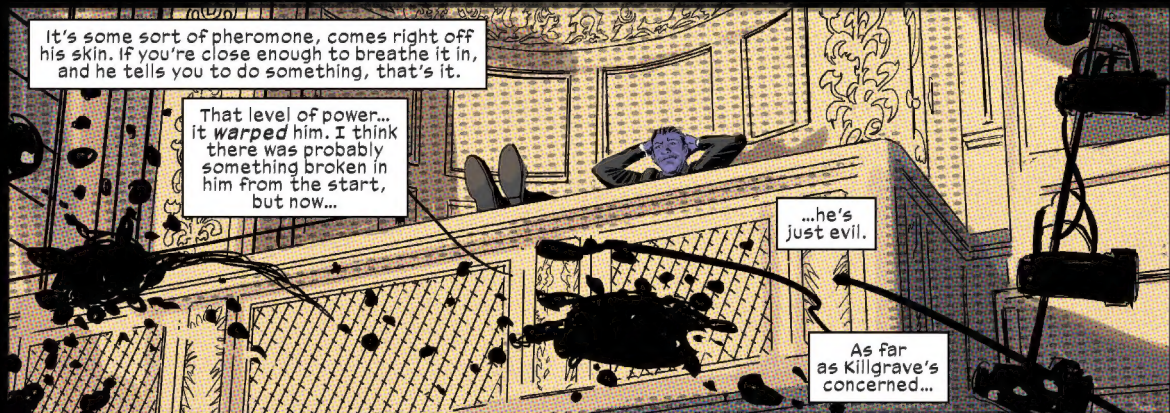


It's some sort of pheromone, comes right off
his skin. If you're close enough to breathe it in,
and he tells you to do something, that's it.

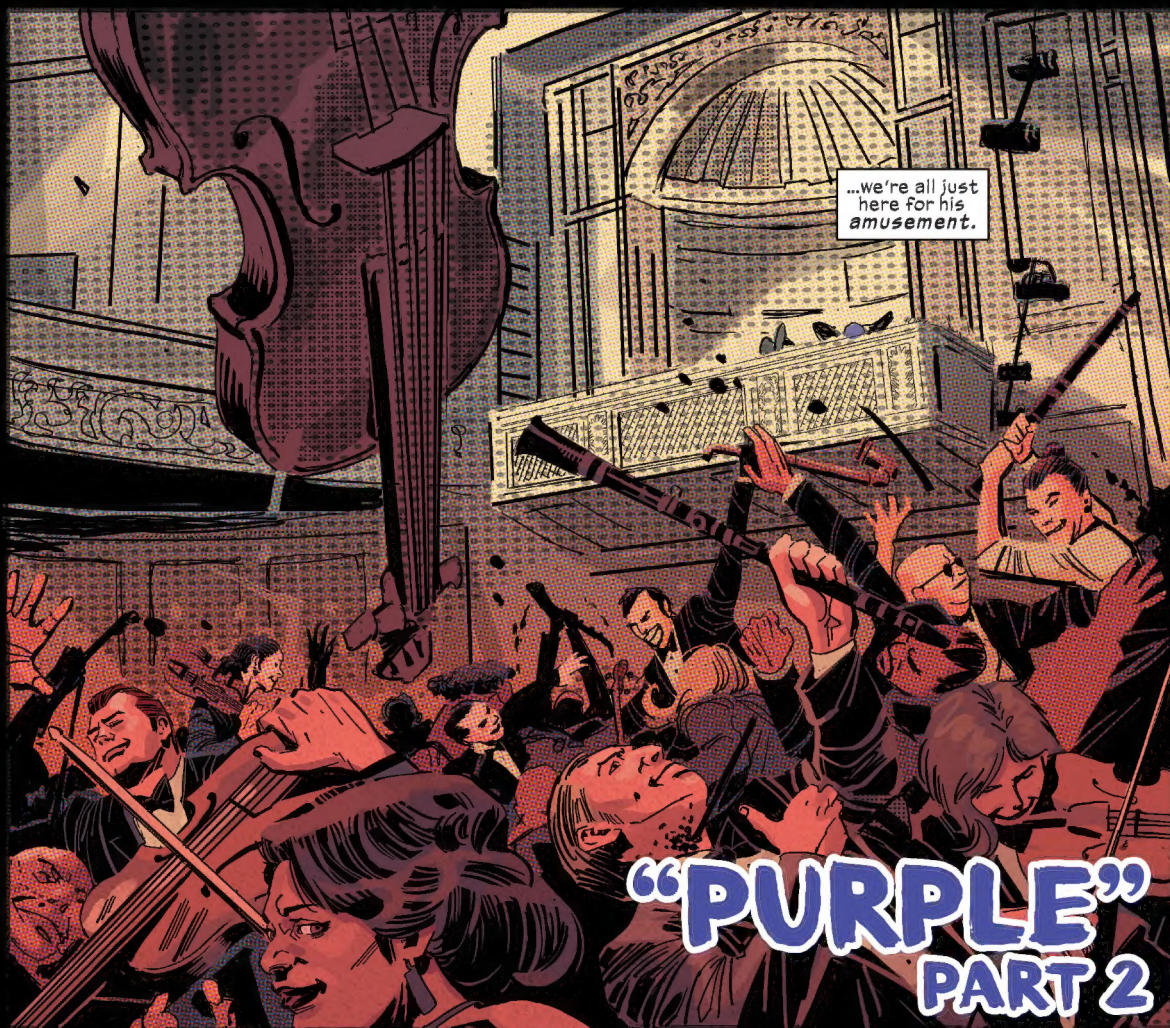
That level of power...
it *warped* him. I think
there was probably
something broken in
him from the start,
but now...

...he's
just evil.

As far
as Killgrave's
concerned...



...we're all just
here for his
amusement.

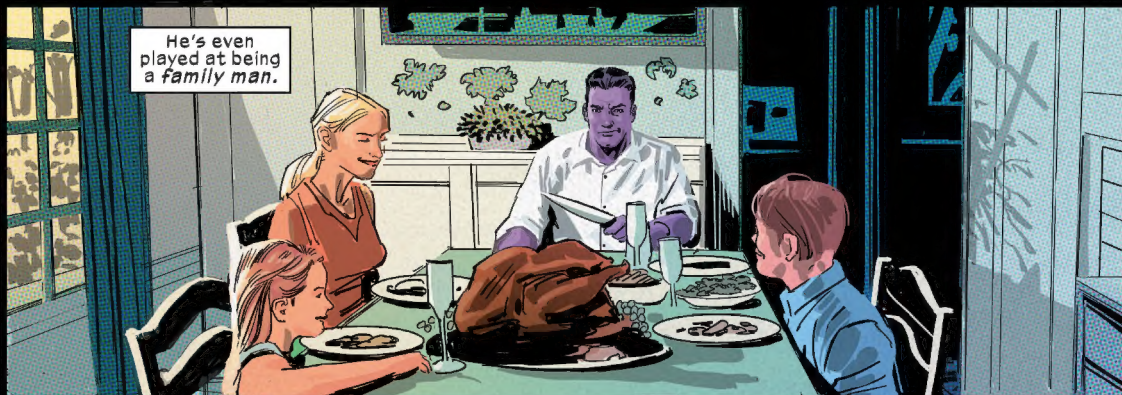


"PURPLE"
PART 2

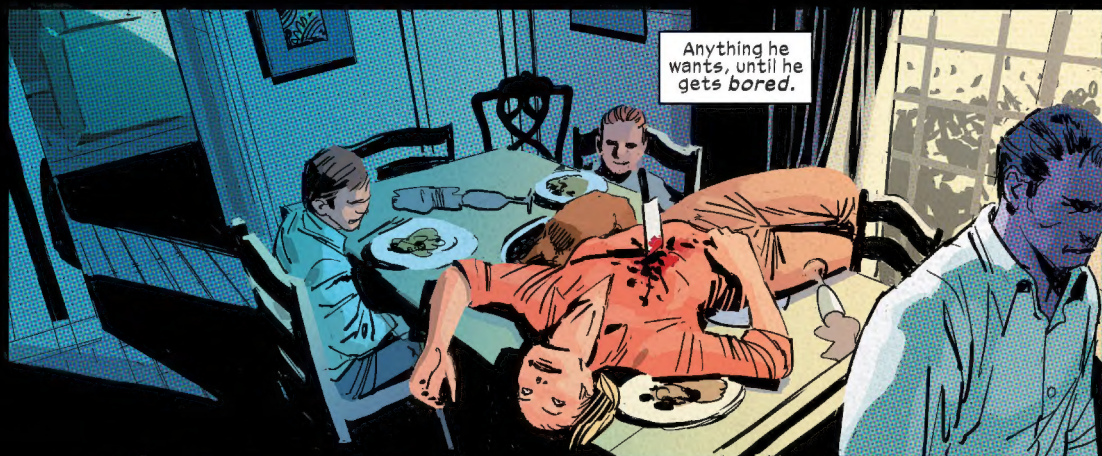
He's given himself
women. Money.



He's even
played at being
a family man.



Anything he
wants, until he
gets bored.



People--ordinary
people--have to
think about other
people all the time.



Caring, on some level, is
an essential survival trait.

But not
for him.



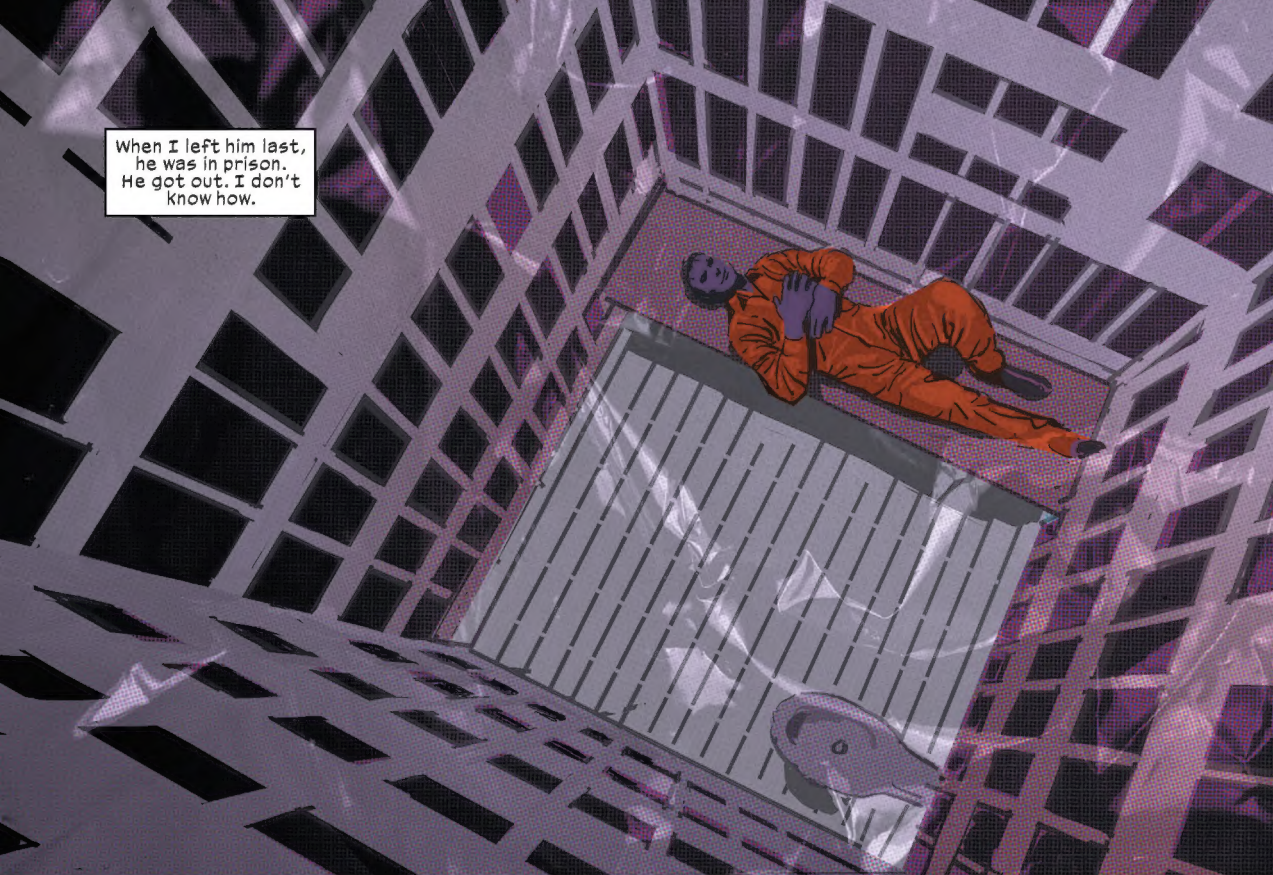
Not
because he can't.
He just doesn't
have to.

There is literally no
incentive for the
Purple Man to ever
care about anything
other than himself.
There's no point to it.

Sometimes I think
he's the most dangerous
man in the world.



When I left him last,
he was in prison.
He got out. I don't
know how.



But I can guess.

SO, WE
GOT A DEAL? YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
DO?

I DO, JOHN
THE GUARD. I HELP
YOU WITH YOUR LITTLE
PROBLEM, AND YOU MAKE
SURE I GET A FEW EXTRA
PERKS. EASY
ENOUGH.



ALL
RIGHT.



P
E
S
H

JUST BROKE
THE SEAL ON YOUR
CELL VENTILATION.
SHOULD WORK
FINE.



SHE'S RIGHT
OUTSIDE. I'LL BRING
HER IN, BUT WE GOTTA
GET IT DONE FAST, BEFORE
SOMEONE NOTICES I
MESSED UP THE
CAMERAS.

I
COULDN'T
AGREE MORE,
JOHN THE
GUARD.



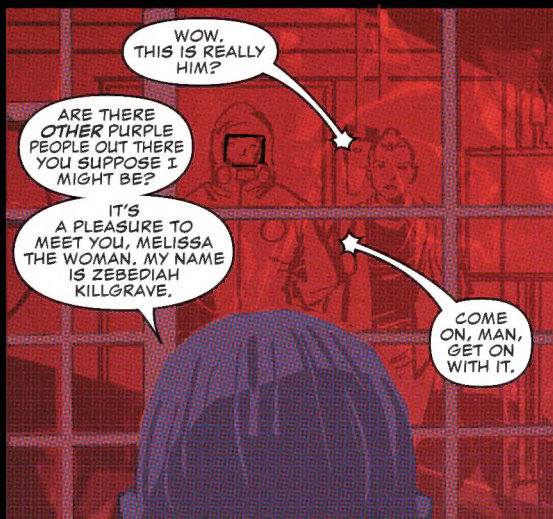
LICKETY-
SPLIT.





SHOULDN'T I
HAVE ONE OF THEM
SUITS ON?

NAH. THIS
IS JUST FOR SHOW.
HE'S SEALED UP TIGHT
IN THAT CELL. YOU
GOT NOTHING TO
WORRY ABOUT.



WOW.
THIS IS REALLY
HIM?

ARE THERE
OTHER PURPLE
PEOPLE OUT THERE
YOU SUPPOSE I
MIGHT BE?

IT'S
A PLEASURE TO
MEET YOU, MELISSA
THE WOMAN. MY NAME
IS ZEBEDIAH
KILLGRAVE.

COME
ON, MAN,
GET ON
WITH IT.



WHAT?

OH, IT'S
SIMPLE, MELISSA
THE WOMAN. JOHN
THE GUARD WANTS YOU
TO LOVE HIM, WHICH MEANS
HE WANTS YOU TO HAVE
SEX WITH HIM UNTIL
HE GETS TIRED
OF IT.

HE MADE A
DEAL WITH ME
TO MAKE THAT
HAPPEN.



SO, LOVE
HIM.



LOVE
HIM TO
DEATH.



THAT'S LOVELY,
MELISSA. THE
WOMAN. YOU
CAN STOP
NOW.



HE SHOULD
HAVE A LITTLE
KEYCARD ON HIS BELT.
IF YOU WOULDN'T
MIND...



VERY,
VERY GOOD. NOW,
LET'S PLAY ANOTHER
GAME. SEEMS LIKE
IT'LL BE FUN IN A
PRISON.

I JUST
MADE IT
UP.



IT'S
CALLED DEATH
PENALTY.



AND THIS
MONSTER HAS
CHILDREN?

YES. HE
ESSENTIALLY
BRED THEM WITH
SURROGATE WIVES,
IN AN EFFORT TO
INCREASE HIS
OWN POWER.

THEY CAN
DO WHAT HE CAN
DO, BUT ONLY WHEN
THEY'RE TOGETHER.
WHEN THEY'RE BY
THEMSELVES...



...they're just
scared kids.

PLEASE.
LET US
IN.



THEY'RE
COMING!

Two of them showed up on
my doorstep--Joe and Shallah.
They were being *chased*
by people under the Purple
Man's control.

I didn't know what they
wanted, didn't know what
was happening, and it
did *not* look good.



But I let them in.
Of course I did.
They're children.

I wasn't
that lost.

SLM



UPSTAIRS.
QUICK.

CHKK

I could hear the people
outside using raw force to
try to get through the door.

KRCK

Bones snapping in
their hands as they
slammed their fists
against the wood.

KIRSTEN!


Their hearts never
got above 90
beats per minute.

MATT?
WHAT IS
IT? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHO ARE
THESE--

Kirsten's was
at about 140
and climbing.









The Purple Man had sent these people after his children, and they wouldn't stop until they had them.

They literally *couldn't*.




They'd broken their hands to get through the front door, and that was *wood*.

The door of the panic room was solid steel, inches thick.



They'd *kill* themselves trying to get in. Bash themselves to death like a wave against the beach.

They wouldn't stop. They *couldn't*.



So I had to stop them.

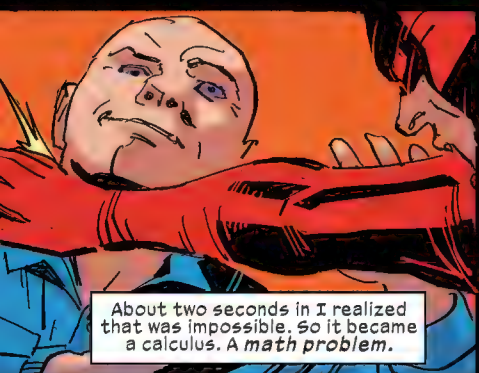


That was one of my hardest fights.

These people weren't my *enemies*. They were *victims*.

My enemy was the person who'd done this to them-- Killgrave.

I needed to put them down, knock them unconscious, just make them stop--but I couldn't *hurt* them.



About two seconds in I realized that was impossible. So it became a calculus. A *math problem*.



If I had to hurt them to stop them, could it be *less* than the hurt they would do to themselves trying to get through that steel?



I numbed their limbs with strikes to nerve bundles.



I used holds that cut bloodflow to their brains.



I hated it. These people were *innocent*.



And all the while, I am ashamed to say, a thought was running through my head.



They know who I am.



When they wake up, they'll know that Matt Murdock hurt them. That Daredevil hurt them.



I shouldn't have cared. Shouldn't have even *considered* that. But I did.



I was a little bit lost.



ARE THEY...ALL RIGHT?

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, GET OUTSIDE, THEN CALL 911--GET AN AMBULANCE HERE, AND THE POLICE, BEFORE THEY WAKE UP.

TELL THEM TO BE CAREFUL, AND TO PUT THESE PEOPLE IN RESTRAINTS, JUST UNTIL THEY'RE SURE THAT--



YOU CAN'T TELL THEM YOURSELF?

I'M NOT SURE I'LL STILL BE HERE.

YEAH... OF COURSE YOU WON'T, MATT.

CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?



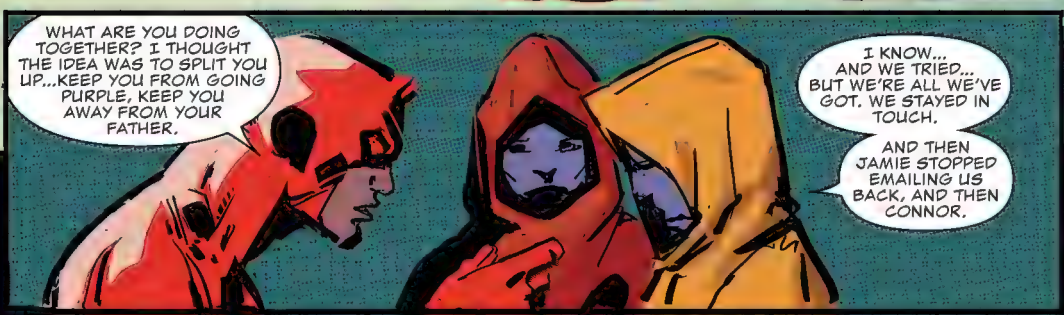
THAT, MISS MCDUFFIE, IS A VERY GOOD QUESTION.



THANK YOU, DAREDEVIL. THANK YOU SO MUCH. I THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD.

YOU'RE NOT DEAD, JOE. YOU'RE OKAY. BUT CAN I ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS?

I GUESS SO. WE DON'T KNOW MUCH, THOUGH.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING TOGETHER? I THOUGHT THE IDEA WAS TO SPLIT YOU UP...KEEP YOU FROM GOING PURPLE, KEEP YOU AWAY FROM YOUR FATHER.

I KNOW... AND WE TRIED... BUT WE'RE ALL WE'VE GOT. WE STAYED IN TOUCH.

AND THEN JAMIE STOPPED EMAILING US BACK, AND THEN CONNOR.

BUT YOU KNOW HOW WE CAN KIND OF FEEL EACH OTHER... JOE AND I CAME HERE TO TRY AND FIND THEM.

WE WERE GETTING CLOSER AND THEN THOSE PEOPLE STARTED TO CHASE US.

JOE KNEW YOU WERE STAYING HERE FROM THE INTERNET, SO WE RAN AS FAST AS WE COULD.



WE THINK KILLGRAVE HAS OUR BROTHERS AND SISTER, AND NOW HE WANTS US, TOO. YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS--THE MORE OF US HE HAS, THE STRONGER HE GETS.

WILL YOU HELP US?



LET'S GO.



I took them up to the roof, had them show me the direction where they thought we could find their siblings.

The closer we got, the stronger their connection. I kept them up on the rooftops, in case Killgrave had more of his drones at street level.



Killgrave's power normally only works when you're in his presence. It begins to wear off the second you're out of range.

But those hunters were *miles* from him, and they were under his spell as strongly as anyone I've ever seen.



I never intended to put those kids in danger. I didn't.

But it felt like we were running out of time.



The building was a switching station of some kind for the power company, hidden in plain sight right in the middle of the city.

Killgrave had taken it over--easy enough for someone with his abilities.

And inside...



...he'd built something.



SHOULD WE?

YEAH. LET'S DO IT. WE'VE GOT THE POWER FROM THE OTHERS. WE'RE STRONG ENOUGH.



I should have seen it coming. Their brothers and sister were being held captive by a monster, and they were just kids.

No impulse control.



No *fear*, either.
Now, normally I might
admire that--that's my
whole thing.

LET
THEM GO,
FATHER!

But considering how
it all played out...

OH...
THERE YOU TWO
ARE!

...they should
have been
terrified.

I APPRECIATE
THE EFFORT, JOE THE
BOY AND SHALLAH THE GIRL,
BUT I HAVE YOUR SIBLINGS'
POWER IN ADDITION
TO MY OWN.

THERE'S
NOTHING YOU CAN
DO, YOU LITTLE
BRATS.





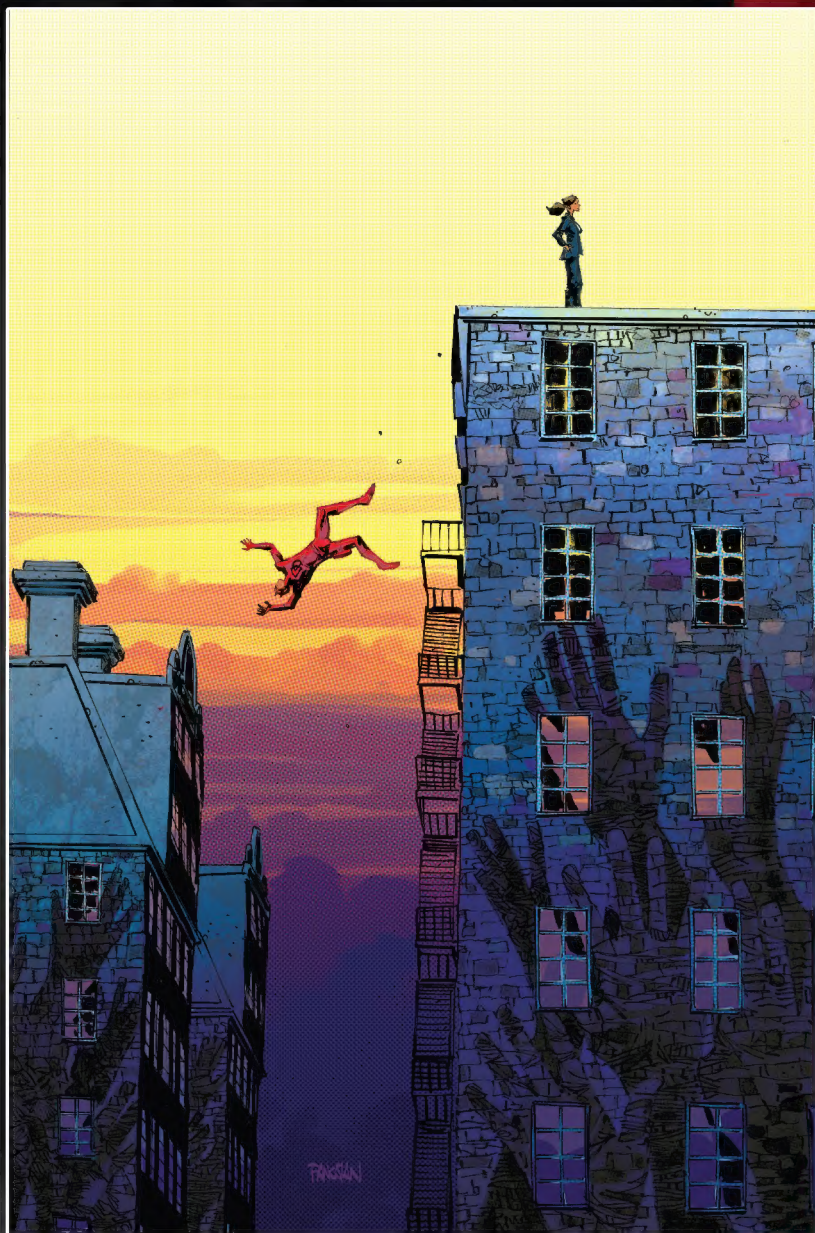
...SHALL
WE PLAY A
GAME?

I was
lost.

TO BE CONTINUED...

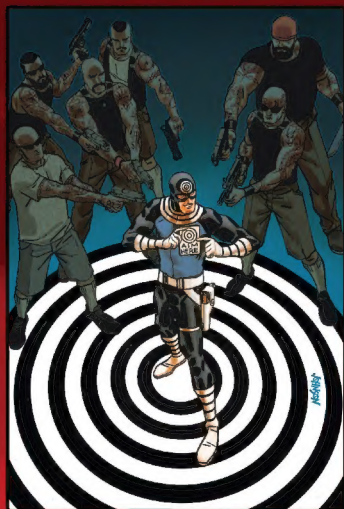
NEXT ISSUE:

"PURPLE" CONTINUES!



DAREDEVIL #19

ALSO ON SALE THIS MONTH



BULLSEYE #2



KINGPIN #2



ELEKTRA #2